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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 118.

Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis; ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

HOW to temper authority and soften the voice of command, must be a favorite study with every philanthropist. If heaven delight in civil society, it delights also in the subordination necessary to its existence. There must then be hewers of wood, and drawers of water. But he that would "vindicate the ways of God to man," will think it an incumbent, moral obligation, as far as in him lies, to lighten their destiny, to make their burthen easy as possible, and be extremely careful to prevent their feeling the yoke. He will exercise gentle imperiousness and moderate control; be decisive as to the end, but mild in the means. The alacrity of obedience is always best secured by the amenity of command.

Quicquid præcipies, says the Roman critic, esto brevis! It is a remark used by him, as applicable to the precepts of composition, to the injunctions of the argumentative or the illustrations of the eloquent. But it applies too to the orders of families. Whatsoever you command, be *brief!* Not, however, in the brevity of Laconic sullenness, but in the few words of Attic politeness. Nothing can be more grateful to the subjects of the direction, than a certain precision of authority The Christian says to his servant, simply, Do this! and he doeth it. This is to be imperative in the spirit of that good Divinity, which is *yea and amen*; and all beyond it is oppression.

SWIFT has given directions to servants. There might be given with equal propriety, and with a more important object than wit, directions to masters. Though extreme familiarity, and rendering the minute, menial services which every man requires, may be incompatible with associations of greatness, and therefore Rochefaucault may have said rightly enough that no man was great to his *valet de chambre*; and tho' the remark of Chesterfield may be somewhat dubious, that a gentleman was a gentleman in his closet, yet it is certainly true, that a man may appear great to the servants of his household, and that a gentleman may be a gentleman in his kitchen. The man that never expresses an order without remarks, which betray an apprehension that it will not be obeyed, sets his domestics the example of doubt, and gives

them at least some cause to suspect that it should not be obeyed. He tempts them to think, when they have only to act, and induces them to reason, where they should only execute. Such a man, instead of having liege subjects around him, has a house full of rebels.

" Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free,"

is a line seldom read without ridicule from recollection of the parody, but still is a line not written without reason. He should know the feelings of freemen, and therefore lord it in temperance; he should know the spirit of freemen, and therefore dread the catastrophe that may make sovereign and subject change places. To compare small things with great, this remark is applicable, especially in this state where we have no slaves, to the hero of a homestead, to the petty monarch of a family kingdom. In the commotions of commerce, and the fluctuations of fortune, the master should remember that he may take the place of the servant. It may be his fate who gives orders today, to obey them tomorrow. Who does not know instances in our own commonwealth and town of this change of condition? Here, where enterprise is alike open to all, and extravagance disperses what frugality collects, the spectacle is sometimes presented of the master, without the carriage and the coachman within; while the recollection of this man's former situation confers real honor on his character, since he holds his wealth by the title of merit. Many, over whom affluence smiled in the cradle, have been hurried by penury to the grave; while others, at whose nativity the stars of fortune were in opposition, have afterwards united the heavenly bodies, and had the declivity of life softened by the beams of their favor. The vicissitudes of life should prevent vicissitudes in temper, and the irregularities of time regulate the actions of man.

How amiable is the toil that is spent in lessening the inequalities of life? This is practical philanthropy. It is righteously attempting an humble instrumentality to "*show the heavens more just.*"

The most perfect rule of morality is, in all cases, to act conformably to the will of Deity; ever to keep in view, as the object of conduct, the divine approbation. What are we then but all servants of one Great Master, "by whom the very hairs of our head are numbered?" The application is easy. The service exacted by him, is to do good one to another. Charity to a fellow servant, is fidelity to him. *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.* Let us remember then whose we are. Our *wages* are high. There is laid up for us a *rich reward.* We are in the image of our Maker. Let us walk erect and look steadfastly to the smile of heaven, to lighten our progress; ever remembering that the highest encomium heaven can pronounce on any one of the humblest of his creatures, is that of "*Good and faithful servant.*"

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

CHARACTER OF DR. ROBERTSON.

The same sagacity and good sense which so eminently distinguished him as a writer, guided his conduct in life, and rendered his counsels of inestimable value to

his friends. He was not forward in offering advice; but when consulted, as he was very frequently, by his younger acquaintance, he entered into their concerns with the most lively interest, and seemed to have a pleasure and a pride in imparting to them all the lights of his experience and wisdom Good sense was indeed the most prominent feature in his intellectual character; and it is unquestionably of all the qualities of the understanding that which essentially constitutes superiority of mind: for, although we are sometimes apt to appropriate the appellation of genius to certain peculiarities in the intellectual habits, it is he only who distinguishes himself from the rest of mankind, by thinking better than they on the same subjects, who fairly brings his powers into comparison with others. This was in a remarkable degree the case with Dr. Robertson. He was not eminent for metaphysical acuteness; nor did he easily enter into speculations involving mathametical or mechanical ideas; but, in those endowments which lay the foundation of successful conduct, and which fit a man to acquire an influence over others, he had no superior. Among those who have like him, devoted the greater part of life to study, perhaps it would be difficult to find his equal.

His practical acquaintance with human nature was great, and he possessed the soundest and most accurate notions of the characters of those with whom he was accustomto associate. In that quick penetration, indeed, which reads the soul, and estimates the talents of others by a sort of intuition, he was surpassed by many; and I have often known him misled by first impressions: but where he had an opportunity of continuing his observations for a length of time, he seldom failed in forming conclusions equally just, refined, and profound. In a general knowledge of the world, and of the ways of men, his superiority was striking and indisputable; still more so, in my opinion, than in the judgments he formed of individuals. Nor is this surprising, when we consider the joint influence of his habits as an historian, and as a political leader.

Too much cannot be said of his moral qualities. Exemplary and amiable in the offices of private life, he exhibited in his public conduct, a rare union of political firmness with candour and moderation.—"He enjoyed," says Dr. Erskine, "the bounties of Providence without running into riot; was temperate without austerity; condescending and affable without meanness; and in expense neither sordid nor prodigal. He could feel an injury, and yet bridle his passion; was grave, not sullen; steady, not obstinate; friendly, not officious; prudent and cautious, not timid."—The praise is liberal; and it is expressed with the cordial warmth of friendship; but it comes from one who had the best opportunity of knowing the truth, as he had enjoyed Dr. Robertson's intimacy from his childhood, and was afterwards, for more than twenty years his colleague in the same church; while his zealous attachment to a different system of eclesiastical government, though it never impaired his affection for the companion of his youth, exempts him from any suspicion of undue partiality.

In point of stature Dr. Robertson was rather above the middle size; and his form, though it did not convey the idea of much activity, announced vigor of body and

a healthful constitution. His features were regular and manly; and his eye spoke at once good-sense and good-humor. He appeared to greatest advantage in his complete clerical dress; and was more remarkable for gravity and dignity in discharging the functions of his public stations, than for ease or grace in private society.

D. STEWART.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Sotheby's "*Saul*," a blank verse epic, in two parts, has issued from the Emerald Press, for Mr. JOHN WEST. It is foolscap octavo, correctly printed, with a neat type and paper. Though this work is unadorned with all that smoothness of versification that was to have been expected from the elegant translator of the "Oberon" of Wieland, yet its numbers are not destitute of harmony, and are frequently brilliant with "*fine frenzy*." The subsequent truly poetic digression is introductory to the 4th book, 1st part.

Sing I of rescu'd realms, and high renown
In victory won, and that heroic Chief,
Who, in the strength of Heav'n, resistless drave
Asunder, as wing'd lightnings cleave the clouds,
The storm of battle? Rings the strain of war
Sonorous on my lyre; and shall the song
Be mute, high-honour'd Albion, of thy fame,
My native country? Thou, that midst the wreck
Of states, earth's ancient empires, tow'r'st alone,
By other than the might of mortal pow'r
Upheld. They fell, they vanish'd as a sound,
The sovereignties, that, trusting in their strength,
Stood on the rampir'd height, and o'er the foe,
From fort and iron citadel, wav'd wide
The banner of defiance. Their proud base,
War-rais'd, has bow'd beneath them. But the base,
Outstretch'd from east to west, that bears aloft
The column of thy empire, rests its strength
On Liberty. The pow'rs that guard thy realm,
Appalling from thy shores the gather'd host,
Valour and Unanimity. Thy sway
Is Justice, sooth'd by Mercy.

OF PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER.

RAMAZZINI, a physician of Padua, wrote a book *de morbis artificum*; to shew the peculiar distempers of tradesmen, arising from each respective trade. Might not a philosophic observer construct a work upon a similar plan, to mark the specific habitudes and manners of each respective order and profession?

In the course of this disquisition he would be led to observe, for instance, that insincerity in a courtier must be the ruling feature of his character: and why? because without allowing any thing to private humour, principle, or affection, the men of this order accommodate themselves solely to time and persons.—He might ascribe lying to an ambassador; because being "sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country," as Sir Henry Wotton defined his office, he preserves a habit of lying, even when the officiality or duty of such doing, may not require it.—A want of moral sense and sympathising humanity would be found in men of the law; because, pay

ing no regard to the distinctions of right and wrong, but only intent upon serving their clients, they are led to treat with indifference, and sometimes even to sport with, the most injurious decisions against the most pitiable objects.—The love of gain in all who traffic; because such have been habituated to consider money as the chief good, and to value every man according to what he is worth.—And lastly, an open systematical kind of knavery in the *honest* farmer; who, without any regard to value in the commodity, professes to buy as cheap, and sell as dear, as he can; and who, if you remonstrate against his offering a horse or cow for twice its worth, asks you, with a sneer, "whether he must not do the best he can for his family?"—Would not, I say, all this be perceived, where professional spirit is not checked and counteracted by natural temperament? And thus through life, and every department of it: where the characters of men would be found in a compound ratio of temperament and profession; and be natural or artificial, according to the proportion in which these are combined.

NOT WHAT SEEMS PERFECT, BUT WHAT IS PRACTICABLE.

THAT wild enthusiastic spirit, which would elevate human nature above her genuine standard, would in like manner push civil society beyond any degree of practical perfection. The same Plotinus, whom we have already strictured for the former, was equally stimulated with a zeal for the latter. It is related by Porphyry, who hath written his life, that he asked the Emperor Gallienus to build and endow a city for philosophers, that should be governed according to Plato's ideas, and be called Platonopolis; and Porphyry adds, that Plotinus would have obtained what he asked, if some malignants at court had not interposed. They probably thought, that the Treasury-money might be more usefully employed: the Emperor, however, might have found some advantage from it, as he would certainly have got rid of all the *Utopians*, the *visionaries* in politics, the statesmen of general abstract ideas; which, when they are suffered to be busy, are a very troublesome order of beings: these would all, with one accord, have hastened to Platonopolis.

A certain writer has observed, that these well-meaning speculative politicians (for *well-meaning* they are often allowed to be) "are of "all others the most untractable in "government, and mischievous in "business: who endeavour to de-"stroy all governments, because "they are not perfect; and oppose "all administrations, because they "cannot govern men by such "means, as they are not designed "or formed to be governed by." Cato, formerly, was an offender in this way: he was a "well-mean-"ing speculative politician;" and is recorded to have done mischief in the Senate at Rome, merely from not distinguishing between what *seems perfect* and what *is practicable*. "With the very best in-"tentions and the clearest integ-"rity," says Tully, "he some-"times hurts the commonwealth." And how? "By giving his opin-"ion upon all occasions, as if he "were in the pure and incorrupt "republic of Plato, and not amidst "the low and degenerate tribe of "Romulus:" contrary to which,

as the same Tully observes, "a "statesman must consider, not on- "ly what is best in itself, but what "is necessary also to times and sit- "uations." *Tempori cedere*, that is, to submit to the time, is a submission, which the statesmen of all ages have ever found it expedient to make. Tully lays it down as a capital and fundamental maxim in politics; and, speaking to Atticus of something he had done as the act *optimi civis*, he adds, sed *ita* optimi, ut *tempora*, quibus *parere* omnes πολιτικοὶ præcipiunt. Nor could even Cæsar himself, though conqueror and dictator, be exempt from this submission to the circumstances of affairs: nos illi *servimus*, says Tully, ipse *temporibus*; nec ille, quid *tempora* postulatura sunt, scire potest.

It is common to blame individuals, when *affairs* go wrong, and it is sometimes right; but it is not always so: for the statesman, any more than other men, cannot act invariably and always as he would: he is often forced along by a necessary train of things, and obliged to act, not as he would, but as he can. He may watch conjunctures: he may avail himself at moments by policy and expedient: he may rightly adapt certain means to certain ends, and sometimes succeed; but he will frequently miscarry: for there are in all governments so many circumstances and contingencies, independent of human foresight and will, that oftentimes the most which the wisest manager can do, is to make the wisest use of incidents as they rise; *quæ casus offert, in sapientiam vertere.* Tacitus.

MAXIMS.

Virtue is a good of so noble a kind, that it grows by communication; it *so little resembles earthly riches*, that *the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's stock.*

The duties of life are commensurate to it's duration; and every day brings it's task, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow.

Differences are never so effectually lulled to sleep, as by some general calamity; an enemy unites all those to whom he threatens danger.

Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.

Let it be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another confesses his superiority; and let those be reformed by their pride who have lost their virtue.

It is pleasent, says Swift, to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: "Future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity;" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

Peter, turn'd bard, to pass a quiet life
Praises the virtue of his handsome wife:
Amaz'd, to find she treats him still with scorns,
In feeling for his wreath, he finds his horns.

Foppery in dress is by no means a sure mark of either effeminacy or cowardice; and those who presume upon such appearances, like all who judge *from externals*, may be greatly mistaken. The late Sir Alexander Schomberg, many years commander of the king's yacht

the Dorset, was, during the whole of a long life, a very great beau. When a young man, he was, one day, walking down a fashionable street in London, and having pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, which was highly perfumed, he observed himself sneered at by a couple of *puppies*, who concluded that an officer so essenced was a *safe* object of their ridicule, and continued to follow him. Sir Alexander at length reached his lodging, and having knocked at the door, he called to one of the gentry, and addressed him, "Sir, I perceive you have been mightily taken with the perfume of my handkerchief, and (taking it out with his left hand) I request you to be so kind as to smell it closer," at the same time seizing his nose, and wringing it handsomely, he flogged him with his cane as long as it was necessary, concluding his exercise by informing him, he was Captain Schomberg, of the royal navy, *at his service*. Nothing further, however, was heard of the *gentleman*; and as to the other, he had, as *character*, sneaked off in the beginning.

I have often been in company with the gallant Captain Faulkner (who was killed in the celebrated action between the Blanche and la Pique), dressed in an entire suit of tabinet uniform. There was no braver man, with every appearance of a fop.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1808.

BY HENRY J. PYE, ESQ. P. L.

BEHOLD yon lucid orb, that seems
Devious thro' æther's paths to stray;
And, while with baleful light it gleams,
Appears to trace no certain way;
No influence mild, with genial force,
Waits on its desultory course:
But myriads view its streaming hair
Lead death and horror thro' the air,
While even Science' piercing sight,
Clear from the mists of visionary fears,
Anxious beholds th' erratic stranger's flight,
Lest, mingling with the planetary spheres,
It shake the order of the mighty frame,
Destroy with ponderous shock, or melt with sulphurous flame.

Such is, alas! the dread that waits
On savage Inroad's wild career,
While trembling round, the peaceful states
Survey its meteor course with fear;
And as the immortal mandate guides,
And points the comet where to stray,
So thro' the battle's crimson tides
It points Ambition's fatal way;
Submissive, both th' Eternal's will perform,
As act his high behest the earthquake and the storm.

But as, with ray benign and bland,
The radient Ruler of the Year
Sheds plenty on the smiling land,
Where'er his vivifying beams appear,
Now wakes the roseate bloom of Spring,
Fann'd by young Zephyr's tepid wing;
Or clothes the wide expanded plain
With summer's fruits and autumn's grain;
Or gathering from the watery shores
Sources of vegetable stores,
Renews scorch'd earth's exhausted powers
With balmy dews and gentle showers:
So from the patriot monarch's care,
Whose breast no dreams of conquest move,
Founding his glory on his people's love
And proud to boast unbounded empire there,
The copious rills of Peace' domestic stream,
Warm glows fair Virtue's flame, and bright Religion's beam.

O BRITAIN! may thy happy coast,
Tho' loud oppression rage around,
To the applauding nations boast
One shore with peace, with mercy crown'd:
Still may thy hospitable seat
To suffering Greatness yield a safe retreat;
For when the sacred fiat of the skies
First caus'd thy sea-encircled realm to rise,
It bade it an eternal column stand.
Sacred to want and woe from every clime and land.

OF VANITY AND LYES.

Vanity and lyes are often joined together by Solomon; and what so naturally accompanies *vanity*, as *lyes?* The vain man's aim is, upon all occasions, to appear *bigger than the life*, as the painters say; and his immediate object, like that of Bayes in the Rehearsal, to *elevate* and *surprise*. For this sole purpose he will not only tell the most stupendous lyes about himself, his family, his fortune, &c. but he will also preform actions, from which even self-preservation should naturally restrain him: and I have seen an aspirant after this sort of celebrity, gallop on horse-back down a flight of stone stairs, purely to make me wonder how he durst do it.

A MAN OF HONOUR.

Mons. Voltaire, observing upon certain *dramatis personæ* in Congreve's Plays, says, that "their language is every where that of *men of honour*, but their actions are those of knaves: a proof, that he was perfectly well acquainted with human nature, and frequented what we call polite company." So that the arrantest scoundrel, the blackest and most detestible villian, by frequenting polite company, and pretending to an higher and more refined integrity, may be denominated a *man of honour*. What a perverse and ridiculous use of words, which convey an idea just the contrary to what they express! —"We know very well," says Bruyere, "that an honest man is a man of honour; but it is pleasant to conceive, that every man of honour is not an honest man." Pleasant indeed; but this is not the worst: society suffers from this abuse of terms. "By separating the *man of honour* from the man of virtue," says Hume, "the greatest profligates have got something to value themselves upon; and have been able to keep themselves in countenance, though guilty of the most shameful and dangerous vices. They are debauchees, spendthrifts, and never pay a farthing they owe: but they are *men of honour*, and therefore to be received as *gentlemen* in all companies." *Ita nostri mores coegerunt.*

At the consecration of a cardinal there were a great number of bishops sitting in an amphitheatre under the dome of the Sorbonne, where the ceremony was performed; when a lady present, astonished with the spectacle, exclaimed—"What a fine sight is this, to see all these bishops sitting in such order! Methinks I am in heaven!" "In Heaven!" replied the gentleman who sat next to her; "why, madam, there are not in Heaven half so many bishops as you see here!"

NOTICE.

A little work has lately issued from the press of Messrs. Russell and Cutler, entitled *The Youth's Manual.* Its contents are prayers and hymns, and the protestant episcopal catechism. It is the only work, that *contains the last article in a convenient form for familiar use;* which was certainly a desideratum with superintendants of children's education. We are pleased with it as an evidence of the wisdom, that adapts means to ends. Human life has its *day of small things.* But that day must be watched, since out of it come great consequences. There is a time for every thing. Though the time for this book changes with *each* individual, yet with *some* individuals, it is still present. The subjects of its utility change, but it is still useful. It is designed for the *hands* of those who wish to train *up a child in the way he should go.* It is, indeed, a trifle in letter press; but nothing is unimportant that is practically useful, that tends to promote morals or facilitate education.

Kotzebue, in his travels from Berlin to Paris, thus notices one of the Curiosities in the Museum of French monuments.

"What an oppressive sensation of woe seized me, upon stepping into that closet, whose styl of architecture announces the twelfth century! O! these pillars, these ruins, once belonged to the *Paraclete*, and in the middle of them is a tomb—'tis ABELARD'S! the identical sepulchre which Peter the venerable dedicated to his friend. Here lies Abelard, with his head reclined, and his hands folded. Near him reposes his faithful mistress; and the heads of these interesting figures are impressions taken by the sculptor; and, what is more than all, this tomb actually contains the united ashes of the two lovers—Abelard! Heloisa! this stone calls out to me. I lay my hand upon it: Cold stone! I am going to say, and suddenly draw it back, for this stone is not cold! An inscription, of which Marmontel is said to be the author, is so simply beautiful, that I gladly transcribe it:

"Hic
Sub eodem Marmore jacent
Hujus monasterii
Conditor PETRUS ABELARDUS
Et abbatissa prima HELOISA,
Olim studiis, ingenio, amore, infaustis nuptiis
Et pœnitentia,
Nunc æterna, quod speramus, Felicitate conjuncti.

"Here lie
under the same marble,
PETER ABELARD,
The founder of this convent,
and
HELOISA,
Its first abbess,
Formerly united in studies, genius, love, unhappy wedlock, and repentance,
Now, as we hope, in eternal happiness.

EPITAPH BY THE LATE DR. BEATTIE.

ESCAP'D the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mould'ring tenement of clay,
Safe where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.
Like thee I once have stemm'd the sea of life,
Like thee have languish'd after empty joys,
Like thee have labour'd in the stormy strife,
Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.
Yet for awhile 'gainst Passion's threatful blast,
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.
Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, a man, to thee, to all.

Drink never changes, but only shows our natures. A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him that a drunken man has when he is sober.

Madness is consistent—which is more than can be said for poor reason. Whatever may be the ruling passion at the time, it continues equally so throughout the whole delirium—though it should last for life. Madmen are always constant in love; which no man in his senses ever was.—Our passions and principles are steady in frenzy, but begin to shift and waver as we return to reason.*

* The last five paragraphs were written by Richard Griffiths, an Irish author, who died about five-and-twenty years ago. They were taken from a small book written by him, entitled *The Koran*, which appeared anonymously, and some booksellers have erroneously published it as a volume of Sterne's works.

That most uncommon of all mortals, him who can, whilst advancing to fame, enter into the detail of all the wants of an unknown good character, and who would lose the whole enjoyment of it if he knew he had been observed—him I should wish to know, and to address him—Saint of saints, pray for us!

Examine carefully whether a man is fonder of exceptions than of rules; as he makes use of exceptions, he is sagacious; as he applies them against the rule, he is wrong-headed. I heard in one day a man who thought himself wise, produce thrice, as rules, the strangest half proved exceptions against millions of demonstrated contrary examples, and thus obtained the most intuitive idea of the sophist's character. Of all human forms and characters, none is less improveable, none more intolerable or oppressive, than the race of sophists. They are intolerable against all nature, against all that is called general, demonstrated truth: They attempt to demolish the most solid and magnificent fabrick with a grain of sand picked from off its stones. Such knaves, whom to tolerate exceeds almost the bounds of human toleration, avoid like serpents! If you once engage with them, there is no end to wrangling. A sneer, and the helpless misery of better hearts, are their only aim and their highest enjoyment.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

A life-boat, upon a new construction, was recently launched at Lowestoft. The wind was at the time about south east, which continued increasing while the boat was at sea with heavy and incessant rain. After sailing in various directions, she reached the north end of Corton Sand, upon which the sea and surf ran very high. The utility of the boat was eminently shewn in turning the whole length upon the sand without shipping any water. When she came off the sand, the plugs were taken up, and the water suffered to rise as high as the air-casks, which were lashed within the boat, would allow. She then stretched under a press of sail, to Packfield; the water with which her bottom was filled, did not appear to retard her progress. There were sixteen persons in the boat, including some gentlemen who had volunteered their services. Though all of them got over to the leeward side, and some of them stood on the gunwale, yet from their weight, the press of sail, and the plugs still open, her side was not depressed, nor did the water within increase. On her return near the shore, she was by means of buckets completely filled with water; and the intention was, whilst in that state, that she should recieve as many persons on board as was possible. On account of the storminess of the day, no boat could go off from the beach, but four persons from another vessel were taken in. It is calculated she would have carried fifty persons with safety, when quite full of water. In the melancholy cases which are frequently occuring on the coast, there is every reason to conclude, that by means of this invention, many lives will now be saved, which would otherwise be lost The seamen, too, will be enabled to render their assistance, on occasions when vessels are exposed to the greatest difficulties and danger, with a confidence and security to which they have been unaccustomed. The boat has an iron keel, which serves her for ballast, with a contrivance of casks, placed at her bottom, to be filled with water when necessary to increase her ballast. Other air casks, for the purpose of buoyancy, and to prevent her sinking although filled with water, are fixed round her inside. She has also projecting gunwales, with concealed air boxes, and cased with cork.

Denmark.—A globe of fire was perceived in open day in the month of September last, to pass over the island of Fuhnen, which appeared to be constantly in motion, and out of which flames and sparks were seen coming, in spite of a bright sun-shine. The direction of this meteor was from north-east to south-east.

similar phenomenon was observed in tland, at the same time, and in the same rection.

Dr. William Burney, Master of the val Academy, Gosport, proposes to blish the Naval Memoirs of Great Bri- n, extracted from the best authorities, th occasional remarks. He is also pre- ing for the press, an extensive Course Mathematical Education for Young ntleman intended for the Navy

A new scientific work, or Cyclopedia, e completed in about ten volumes, un- the title of Pantologia, will make its earance in a few weeks. It will com- end Essays, Treatises, and Systems, nged alphabetically and likewise a eral Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and rds. It is intended to publish it in s, three of which will maks a volume yal octavo. The authors are John n Good, esq.; Olinthus Gregory, l. of the Royal Military Academy, wich; and Mr. Newton Bosworth, mbridge.

rd Holland has announced his inten- of publishing, in the course of the nt season, the unfinished Fragment Historical work of the late Mr. relating to the House of Stuart. Mr. t is well known, had made little pro- in this work, and he had long sta- his friends the improbability of his eing able to finish it. The loss of uart papers considerably impeded ogress, and his accession to office usly to his death, rendered his o- design altogether abortive.

d Valentia has sent to press his Voy- d Travels to India, Ceylon, the a, and Egypt, in the Years 1802, 3, d 6. They will make three vol- and will be printed in royal and l quarto, and be embellished with ve highly finished engravings, to- with other plates, such as inscrip- aps, &c.

ork is in the press to be entitled itish Novelists, comprising a se- of English Novels, from popular ; with biographical notices and remarks by Mrs. Barbauld. It nd to about 60 volumes, printed ly with Mr. Chalmers' edition of ish Essayists.

Rev. C. Wordsworth is preparing lication an Ecclesiastical Biogra- taining the lives of eminent per- sons, connected with the history of religion from the reformation to the revolution.

Mr. Jesse Foot, executor of Arthur Murphy, esq. has just finished a Life of that Writer, compiled from his original papers, which will be published in the course of the winter.

DOMESTIC.

Medical Society of the State of New York, February 20, 1808.

The Medical Society of the state of New-York, solicitous to promote Medical and Philosophical Researches in the several counties of this state, have for the present year proposed the following

PRIZE MEDALS:

1st. A medal, value of fifty dollars, for the best dissertation on the Topography, Geology, and Minerology of any county in the state, together with an account of the prevalent Diseases in such county.

2d. A medal, value twenty five dollars, for the second best dissertation on the same subjects.

3d. A medal, value 25 dollars, for the best dissertation on the causes and best method of preventing and of curing the Typhus Mitior, or Low Nervous Fevers, which prevail in the different counties of this state

The dissertations must be delivered to the President of the Society, at his residence in the city of New-York, or to the Secretary of the Society at Waterford in the county of Saratoga on or before the last Tuesday in Jan. 1809.

The authors' names must be enclosed in sealed letters, with a motto or superscription corresponding to one on the dissertations, and which letters will not be opened till the prizes are adjudged.

JOHN STEARNS, *Secretary of the Medical Society of the State of New-York.*

It appears by a declaration of Mr. J. Cameron of Upper Canada, that he has produced to the Agricultural Society of that province, "the model of a machine, which upon the most simple and self evident principles of mechanism and elemental powers, and at an expence not exceeding two pounds, will, with the attendance of one man, perform the labor of twenty, by any known manual process in the preparation of Hemp."

Hopkins and Earle, Philadelphia, will shortly publish Walker's Key to the Classical Pronounciation of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Scriptural Proper Names.

POETRY.

On passing an evening with a caravan of Arabs and Caraminians.

BY PROFESSOR CARLYLE.

Now sleeping in the same retreat,
Greeks, Phrygians, Turks, together lie;
And stranger still, here mingling meet
A wandering Arab tribe and I.

Oh! let me haste to join the band,
And each unfolding scene survey,
That long I've lov'd—that oft I've scann'd,
Depicted in the poet's lay.

I recognise each feature—there,
In groups the camels cluster round;
And as the slender meal they share,
Their tinkling bells responsive sound.

The blazing pine that near them glows,
Red mixing with the moon's pale beam,
Along the cemetery throws
Its quivering light - its dubious gleam.

The scanty tent that close behind
Half shuns the fire, and half bends o'er—
Yet scant, and fluttering with the wind,
Enough for these who want no more.

The swarm within, that glad prepares
The welcome eve's allow'd repast,
Hailing the planet,* which declares
The period of the day's long fast.

The beckoning chief points out a seat,
And bids me share the friendly board;
Oh sweeter far the humble treat,
Than pomp can deck, or pride afford!

Plain is the dish, and coarse the fare—
Yet plain and free the circling youth,
And hospitality is there,
Nature, simplicity, and truth.

No thoughts but what the tongue dare speak,
Within the artless bosom dwell;
Or were it mute, the mantling cheek,
And sparkling eye, the tale would tell:

Each rising image stands confest—
At once display'd - at once descried—
As ocean's smooth expanded breast
Shews every rock that crowns his side.

Nature, these genuine charms are thine—
How different are the scenes of art?
Where all is fair, and all is fine,
And all is finish'd but the heart.

* *As it was Ramadham, they were not permitted to eat till after sun-set.*

There's the soft speech,—the polish'd style—
The complimentary reply—
The practis'd look—the ready smile,
That hides a truth, or hints a lie.

But hark yon shout! yon cry of rage—
The sabre starting from its sheath—
See the mad youths in fight engage,
Hear, hear the dreadful shriek of death!

Nature, these charms are thine!
The ocean's breast that mocks control,
Where passion, rage, revenge, combine
To wake the tempest of the soul.

These charms are thine!—and should e'er
With rapture swell thy praise again,
Memory shall raise that shriek I hear,
To dissipate the idle strain."

AIR.

When bounding o'er the lofty yard,
The jolly seaman reefs the sail,
Though whirlwinds roar, he grasps hard
The swimming beam, nor dreads gale:
When hidden rocks and sable clouds
Impede the shatter'd vessel's way,
The boatswain, clinging to the shrouds
Undaunted pipes his midnight lay.

And, ere the wreck begins to sink,
Ere through her sides the billows pour,
The sailor bravely stops to drink,
Then grasps the mast, and gains shore:
Thus, Harriet, were I moor'd with you
No threatning danger would I see,
But laugh at terror's pale fac'd crew
And baffle lifes tempestuous sea.

Or haply should soft zephyr blow,
We'd leave the port and share the main,
While Bacchus call'd all hands below
And fortune laughing set our sail:
From quicksands of domestic care,
Where jealousy's loud breakers roar,
From sorrow's coast we'd steer afar,
'Till death should tow our boat ashore.

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